## REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE EROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

Cubicot: "Slanders Against Religion Answered."

Text: "And I took the little book out of the angel's hand, and ate it up; and it was in my mouth sweet as honey; and as soon as I had eaten it my belly was bitter. And He said unto me: Thou must prophesy again before many peoples, and nations, and tongues, and kings."—Rev. x., 10-11. Doubtien the Romen Temperary had in his

Domitian, the Roman Emperor, had in his realm a troubletome evangelist who would keep preaching, and so he extled him to a barren island, as now the Rueslans extle convicts to Siberia, or as sometimes the English Government used to send prisoners to Australia. The island I speak of is now called Patmos, and is so barren and unproductive that its inhabitants live by fishing.

But one day the evangelist of whom I speak, sitting at the mouth of a cavern on the hill-side, and perhaps half asleep under the drone of the sea, has a supernatural dream, and before him pass as in panorama, time and eternity. Among the strange things that he saw was an angel with a little book in his hand, and in his dream the evangelist asked for this little book, and the angel gave it to him, and told him to eat it up. As in a dream things are sometimes incongruous, the evangelist took the little book and ate it up. The angel told him beforehand that it would be very sweet in the mouth, but afterward he would be troubled with indigestion. True enough, the evangelist devours the book, and it becomes to him a sweetness during the mastication, but afterward a physical bitterness.

Who the angel was and what the book was no one can tell. The commentators do not agree, and I shall take no responsibility of interpretation, but will tell you that it suggests to me the little book of creeds which skeptics take and chew up and find a very luscious morsel to their witticism, but after a while it is to them a great distress. The angel of the church hands out this little book of evangelism, and the antagonists of the Christian Church take it and eat it up, and it makes them smile at first, but afterward it is to them a dire dyspepsia.

All intelligent people have creeds—that is, favorite theories which they have adopted. Political creeds—that is theories about anners and customs and good neighborhood. Æsthetical creeds—that is, theories about tapestry, about bric-a-brae, about styles of ornamentation. Religious creeds—that is, theories about tamere

places.

Evangelical religion is a healthy, symetrical, well-jointed, roseate, bounding life, and the scalpel and the dissecting knife of the infidel or the atheist cannot tell you what it is. Evangelical religion is as different from what it is represented to be by these enemies as the scarecrow which a farmer puts in the cornfield to keep off the ravens is different from the farmer himself.

For instance, these enemies of evangelism say that the Presbyterian Church believes that God is a savage Sovereign, and that He made some men just to damn them, and that

made some men just to damn them, and that there are infants in hell a span long. These old slanders come down from generation to generation. The Presbyterian Church believes no such thing. The Presbyterian Church believes that God is a loving and just Sovereign, and that we are free agents. "No, no, that cannot be," say these men who have chewed up the creed and have the consequent embittered stomach. "That is impossible; if God is a Sovereign, we can't be free agenta." Why, my friends, we admit this in avery other direction. I, De Witt Talmage, am a free citizen of Brooklyn. I go when I please and I come when I please, but I have at least four sovereigns. The Church court of our denomination; that is my ecclesiastical sovereign. The mayor of this city; he is my municipal sovereign. The Governor of New York; he is my State. sovereign. The President of the United States; he is my national sovereign. Four sovereigns have I, and yet in every faculty of body, mind and soul I am a free man. So, you see, it is possible that the two doctrines go side by side, and there is a common-sense way of presenting it, and there is a way that is repulsive. If you have the two doctrines in a worldly direction, why not in a religious direction? If I choose to-morrow morning to walk into the Mercantile Litrary and improve my mind, or to go through the conservatory of my friend at Jamaica, who has flowers from all lands growing under the arches of glass, and who has an aquerium all asquirm with trout and gold fish, and there are trees bearing oranges and bunsans—if I want to go there, I could, and free to go. If I want to go there, I could, a mn free to go. If I want to go there, I could, a mn free to go. If I want to go there, I could, a mn free to go if I want to go there, I could, a mn free to go, If I want to go there, I could, a mn free to go if I want to go of many mansions of the platform of the Philadelphia express train, if I want to leap from the Brooklyn Bridge, I may to go the platform of the Philadelphia express train,

Christ he will be saved, whether he be baptized by one drop of water on the forehead, or be plunged into the Ohio or Susquehanna, although immersion is the only gate by which one enters their earthly communion.

The enemies of evangelism also misrepresent the Methodist Church. They say the Methodist Church believes that a man can convert himself, and that conversion in that church is a temporary emotion, and that all a man has to do is to kneel down at the altar and feel bad and then the minister pats him on the back and says: "It is all right," and that is all there is of it. False again. The

on the back and says: "It is all right," and that is all there is of it. False again. The Methodist Church believes that the Holy Ghost alone can convert a heart, and in that church conversion is an earthquake of conviction and a sunburst of pardon. And as to mere "temporary emotion." I wish we all had more of the "temporary emotion" which lasted Bishop Janes and Matthew Simpson for a half century, keeping them on fire for God until their holy enthusiasm consumed their bodies.

So all the evangelical denominations are misrepresented. And then these enemies of evangelism go on and hold up the great doctrines of Christian churches as absurd, dry and inexplicable technicalities. "There is your doctrine of the Trinity." they say. "Absurd beyond all bounds. The idea that there is a God in three persons. Impossible.

and inexplicable technicalities. "There is your doctrine of the Trinity." they say. "Absurd beyond all bounds. The idea that there is a God in three persons. Impossibla. It? is one God He can't be three, and it there are, three, there can't be one." At the same time all of us—they with us—acknowledge trinities all around us. Trinity in our own make-up—body, mind, soul. Body with which we move, mind with which we think, soul with which we love. Three, yet one man. Trinity in the arright. heat, moisture—yet one atmosphere. Trinity in the court room—three judges on the bench, but one court. Trinities all around about us, in earthly government and in nature. Of course, all the illustrations are defective, for the reason that the hatural cannot fully illustrate the spiritual. But suppose an ignorant man should come up to the chemist and say: "I deny what you say about the water and about the air; they are not made of different parts. The air is one; I breathe it every day. The water is one; I drink it every day. You can't deceive me about the elements that go to make up the air and the water." The chemist would say: "You come up into my laboratory and I will demonstrate this whole thing to you." The ignorant man goes into the chemist's laboratory and sees for himself. He learns that the water is one and the air is one, but they are made up of different parts. So here is a man who says: "I can't understand the doctrine of the Trinity." God says: "You come up here into the laboratory after your death, and you will see—you will see it explained, you will see it demonstrated." The ignorant man cannot understand the chemistry of the air and water does not change the fact in regard to the composition of air and water. Because we cannot understand the Chemistry of the air and water does not change the fact in regard to the composition of air and water. Because we cannot understand the Chemistry of the air and water does not change the fact in regard to the composition of air and water. Because we cannot understand the Chem

with some one; he has in ured you, he about gizes, or he makes reparation, you say: "Now that's all right, that's all right." Jus-tification by faith is this: A man takes Jesus Christ as his Saviour, and God says to the man: "Now, it was all wrong before, but it is all right now; it is all right." That was what made Martin Luther what he was. Justification by faith, it is going to conquer all nations.

Justification by faith, it is going to conquer all nations.

"There is your absurd doctrine about regeneration," these antagonists of evangolism say. What is regeneration! Why, regeneration is reconstruction. Anybody can understand that. Have you not seen people who are all made over again by some wonderful influence! In other words, they are just as different now from what they used to be as possible. The old Constellation, man-of-war, lay down here at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Famine came to Ireland. The old Constellation was fitted up, and though it had been carrying gunpowder and bullets it took bread to Ireland. You remember the enthusiasm as the old Constellation went out of our harbor, and with what joy it was greeted by the famishing nation on the other side the sea. That is regeneration. A man loaded up with sin and death loaded up with life. Refitted. Your observation has been very small indeed if you have not seen changes in character as radical as that.

A man came into this church one night,

A man came into this church one night, and he was intoxicated, and at an utterance of the pulpit be said in a subcined tone: "That's a lie." An officer of the church tapped him on the shoulder and said: "You must be slient, or you must go out." The next hap that stranger came and he was converted to God. He was in the liquor business. He resigned the business. The next day he sent back the samples that had just been sent to him. He began to love that which he hated. I baptized him by immorsion in the baptistry under this platform. A large salary was offered him for more suffer with Jesus Christ than be prospered in the world. He would rather suffer with Jesus Christ than be prospered in the world. He would had all if in the change of your business you have lack of means, come home; you are always welcome home." He told of his conversion to a dissolute companion. The dissolute companion and: "Well, if you have become a Christian, you had better go over and talk to that dying girl. She is dying with quick consumption in that house." The new convert went there. All the surroundings were dissolute. He told the dying girl that Jesus would save her. "Oh, said she, "that can't be, that can't be! What makes you think so!" "I have it here in a book in my pocket," he replied. He pulled out a New Testament. She said: "Show it to me; if I can be saved, show it to me in that book." He said: "I have neglected it for many years, and I don't know where to find it, but I know it is somewhere between the lids." Then he began to turn over the leaves, and strange and beautiful to say, his eye struck upon this passage: "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more." He held it up before her dying girl, said she, "that is there?" "Yes," he said, "that is there?" He held it up before her dying girl, and the new convert preached the funeraj ermen. The man who a few days before had been a blasphener and a drunkard and a hater of all that was good, he preached the sermon. That is regeneration, that is regeneration; that is regeneration

God had assured the captain the fog would lift there came a flash of lightning through the fog, and the man who had jeered and laughed was stunned and fell to the deck. The fog lifted. Yonder was Cape Hatteras lighthouse. The ship was put on the right course, and sailed on to the harbor of safety. When in seaport the captain spends most of his time in evangelical work. He kneels down by one who has been helpless in the bed for many months, and the next day she walks forth in the streets well. He kneels beside one who has long been decrepit, and he resigns the crutches. He kneels beside one who had not seen enough to be able to read for ten years, and she reads the Bible that day. Consumptions go away, and those who had diseases that were appalling to behold come up to rapid convalescence and to complete health. I am not telling you anything second-handed. I have had the story from the lips of the patients in this very house, those who ware brought to health of body while at the same time brought to God. No second-hand story this. I have heard the testimony from men and women who have been cured. You may call it faith-cure, or you may call it the power of God coming down in answer to prayer; I do not care what you call it; it is a fact. The scoffing sea captain, his heart full of hatred for Christianity, now becomes a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus, giving all the time to evangelical labors, or all the time he can spare from other occupations. That is regeneration, that is regeneration. Man all made over again.

"There is your absurd doctrine of vicarious sacrifice! Let every man suffer for misons sacrifice ! Let every man suffer for himsolf. Why do I want Christ to suffer for me! I'll suffer for myself and carry my own burdens." They scoff at the idea of vicarious sacrifice, while they admire it everywhere else except in Christ. People see its beauty when a mother suffers for her child. People see its beauty when a patriot suffers for his country. People see its beauty when a man denies himself for a frie

the beauty of vicarious sacrifice in every one but Christ.

A young lady in one of the literary institutions was a teacher. She was very reticent and retired in her habits, and she formed no companionships in the new position she occupied, and her dress was very plain—sometimes it was very shabby. After a while she was discharged from the place for that reason, but no reason was given. In answer to the letter discharging her from the position, she said: "Weil, if I have failed to please, I suppose it is my own fault." She went here and there for employment, and found none, and in desperation and in dementia she ended her life by suicide. Investigation was made and it was found that out of her small means she had supported her father, eighty years of age, and was pay-

that out of her small means she had supported her father, eighty years of age, and was paying the way for her brother in Yale College on his way to the ministry. It was found that she had no blanket on the bed that winter, and she had no fire on the very coldest day of all the season. People found it out, and there was a large gathering at the funeral, the largest ever at any funeral in that place, and the very people who had scoffed came and looked upon the pale face of the martyr, and all honor was done her; but it was too late. Vicarious sacrifice. All are thrilled with such instances as that. But many are not moved by the fact that Christ paid His powerty for our riches, His self-abnegation for our enthronement, and knelt on the sharp edges of humiliation that we might climb over His lacerated shoulder into peace and heaven.

Be it ours to admire and adore these doctrines at which others jeer. Oh the depths of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable is His wisdom, and His ways are past finding out! Oh the height, the depth, the length, the breadth, the infinity, the immensity, the eternity of that love! Let our earnest prayers go out in behalf of all those who scoff at these doctrines of grace. When the London plague was raging in the year 1665, there was a hotel near the chief burial-place that excited much comment. England was in fright and bereavement. The dead carts went through the streets day and night, and the cay: "Bring out your dead." was answered by the bringing out of the forms of the loved ones, and they were put twenty or thirty in a cart, and the wagons went on to the cemetery; and these dead were Be it ours to admire and adore these docloved ones, and they were put twenty or thirty in a cart, and the wagons went on to the cemetery; and these dead were not buried in graves, but in great trenches, in great pits; in one pit eleven hundred and fourteen burials! The carts would come up with their great burden of twenty or thirty to the mouth of the pit, and the front of the cart was lifted and the dead shot into the pit. All the churches in London were open for prayer day and night, and England was in great anguish. At that very time at a hotel, at a wayside inn near the chief burial-places, there was a group of hardened men, who sat day after day and night after night blespheming God and imitating the grief-struck who went by to the burial-place. These men sat there day after day and night after night, and they scoffed at men, and they scoffed at women, and they scoffed at God. But after a while one of them was struck with the plague, and in two weeks all of the group were down in the trench from the margin of which they had uttered their ribaldry. My friends, a greater plague of shown and men from all Christendom are going out trying to stay the plague and alleviate the anguish, and there is a group of men in this country base enough to sit and deride the work. They sooff at the Bible, and they scoff at evangelism, and they scoff at Jesus Christ, and they scoff at God. If these words shall reach them, either while they are sitting here to-day, or through the printing-press, let me tell them to remember the fate of that group in the wayside inn while the plague spreads its two black wings over the doomed city of London. Oh, instead of being scoffers let us be disciples! "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitted in the seat of the scornthe ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitted in the seat of the scorn-ful."

THE people of Washington City showed the utterly demoralizing effects of their deprivation of political rights in their zeal to get some souvenirs of the late Minister from England to this country. Lord Sackville could not trains. think of taking back with him the household goods he brought from England. He entered them free of duty, being entitled to this from his official closed. This is said to be an unusually position. Hence in selling his lordship could make quite a handsome speculation, and was evidently not averse to doing so. Some of the Washington tradesmen wanted to object to are treated in asylums, prisons, stores, the sale, as it might interfere with station houses, etc. their own trade. The result proved the baselessness of such fears. On the day of the auction the late Minister's house was crowded. Almost every large of the such a silks, bengaline, ottoman silk, faille, Irish poplin, embossed satin and Henricetta cloth are obtainable in white and erything was bid up because it was make up very effectively. English, and the sale realized a large amount.

DAKOTA is trying to dispel the popular notion that in winter it has nothing but blizzards and zero frigidity. They advertised December outdoor picnies in various localities in the Territory. The season has been one of exceptional mildness in Dakota as elsewhere throughout the Northwest. Even Manitoba's proverbial "cold waves" were late in putting in an apNEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

A "safety bicycle" for women has been nvented. Faced cloth or camel's hair are the fa-

Bonnets are chosen to match the claak, not the dress.

White, green and rose are the fashion able evening colors. Mrs. August Belmont's favorite pet is

silver skye terrier. Magnolia and japonica are the newest

shades in cream white. London's very latest oddity is the use of ostrich feathers for sleeves.

Linings are of satin, quilted and matching the velvet in color. In fashionable circles diamonds are not

as generally worn as formerly. The Presbyterians have decided to

have an Order of Deaconesses. Serviceable wraps are English long coats of rough-surface Irish frieze.

The Empire gown not merely allows out demands blossoms in profusion. Luxurious cloaks are made of black

brocade in the round peasant shapes. Mrs. Harrison will be the thirty-third lady to preside over the White House. House and visiting gowns are slightly trained, but street costumes are sensibly

Among the newest new reds are Veronese, sultane, Mephisto, and English

Queen Victoria's household expenses during the past year amounted to the sum of \$425,000.

In Italy there are eight American-born Princesses, seven Marchionesses, twelve Countesses and a Baroness.

Combs for holding the hair in place are small but fanciful. Gold, shell and amber are favored materials. A thorough knowledge of hygenic

cookery will prove the most useful accomplishment to any women. When velvet is used for cloaks, the trimmings are rich fur and silk cord

passementeries without beads. Mrs. James G. Blaine, Jr., who is going on the stage, has a fine contralto voice and is an accomplished pianiste.

Patti, the cantatrice, uses coca wine and glycerine mixed for her voice, and physicians approve the mixture.

Some dainty tea gowns are Grecian in style. They have clinging draperies and there are silken girdles at the waist.

Coats for outdoor wear appear in several styles. One, long and close-fitting, has a silk sash folded about the waist.

Mrs. Cleveland has started a new fashion in cloaks. It is a tight-fitting terra cotta garment with short double capes. Fancy needlework is employed in making flower pincushions with loose petals done in embroidered or pinked

A shepherd's crook of Roman gold is a favorite hatpin, and gold and silver boathooks are much admired as hair-

Fur and embroidery are noted on bonnets, as well as on wraps, and even passementerie now figures as a bonnet gar-The reports of the Patent Office show

that at least two of the patents granted during every week are issued to women The full, round peasant circular is a favorite shape for party cloaks, as it cov-

ers the entire costume, and is easily put on or taken off. Elderly ladies wear deep mantles of Persian lambskin, which are made with 134 Leonard St., New York City large sleeves that are gathered smaller

about the wrists. Pink rose petals are made into pretty bands and edge the half-lew or V-shaped necks of evening dresses worn

by young ladies. Sashes of watered ribbon, or of thick gros grain ribbon with heavy corded edges, are almost invariably worn with

The "Oolong wave" is not a new wrinkle in doing up the hair. It is the latest designation in Washington for the greatly abused afternoon tea.

tulio ball costumes.

Philanthropic women in Hartford, Conn,, have organized classes in dressmaking and commercial arithmetic to aid young women in earning a living.

A little girl of Poulan, Ga., raised enough peanuts and sugar cane to pay for five and a half acres of land, and she had enough money left to fence it with. A new role for women in London is that of serving writs. A pretty young women there is said to find doors open to her, which to nearly every other sheriff's officer are shut fast.

Fashion in France ordains that henceforth armorial crests and such things are to be anished from such places as letter paper, etc., but are to be embossed on women's dresses in colors over the heart. Pretty afternoon dresses are made of fawn, gray, tan-colored dark blue, or golden olive French camel's hair. These toilets are graceful and artistic and are

cut in princesse fashion with slight

large class. A Woman's League has been formed in New Orleans. One of its objects is to look in a large and practical way after the interests of women—as to how they

Of white dress fabrics there is no end.

In spite of the oft-repeated assertion that cloaks alone will be worn by fashionable women, there are innumerable short vraps in velvet, bengaline cloth, broche and plush to be seen on fashionable thoroughfares.

Miss Lucille Eistun, of Cincinnati, could whistle before she could talk, and when she grew into girlhood her parents tried to break the habit, but without success. She continued to whistle, and when she began her studies in music she found it a help. Of late years she has practiced whistling instead of singing, although she recently received a gold medal for the highest proficiency in the theory and practice of music.

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